

The Good Old-Fashioned Way



1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al-ways free;
3. Man-y friends have gone be-fore me, They have laid their ar-mor down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam;



Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul:
Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home;

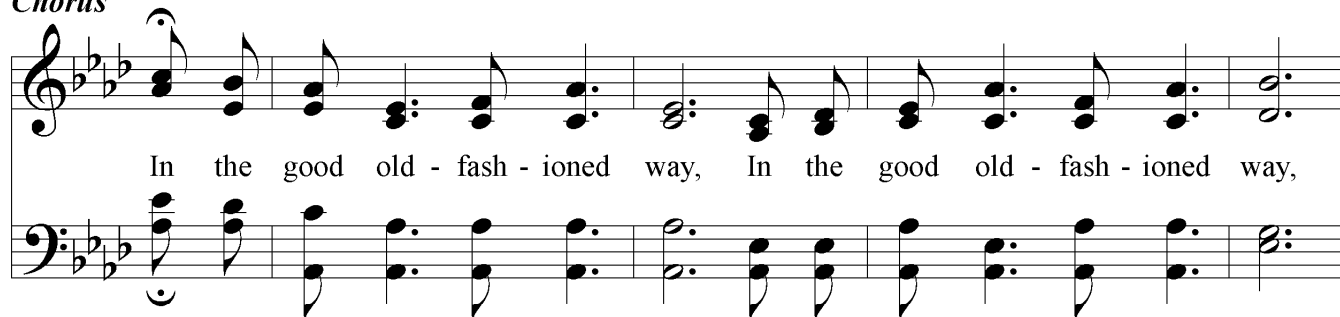


Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de-lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da-vid in his day;
On this road they fought their bat-tles, Shout-ing vic-t'ry day by day:
When the storms of life are o-ver, And the clouds have rolled a-way,

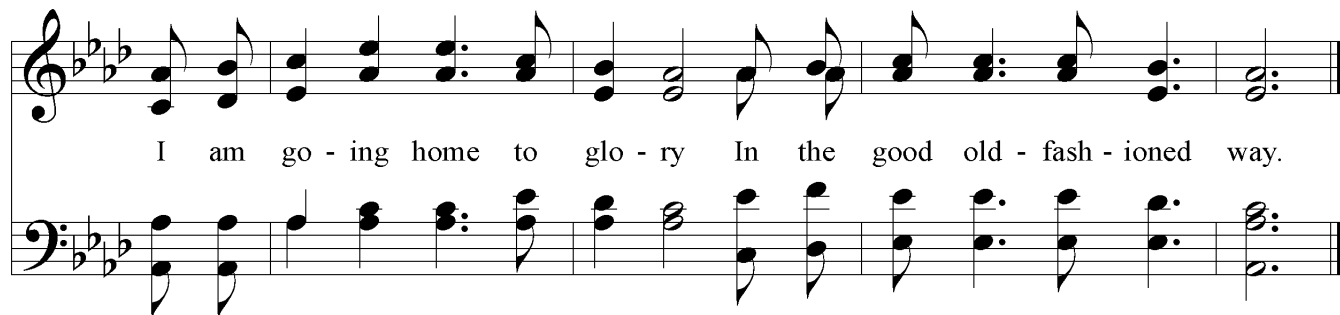


I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I shall o-ver-come and join them In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I shall find the gates of Heav-en In the good old-fash-ioned way.

Chorus



In the good old-fash-ioned way, In the good old-fash-ioned way,



I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fash-ioned way.